DIGITUS DEI
ET
VOX POPULI,
OR
A Panegirical Addresse to his
EXCELLENCY
General George
MONK

Si immerentem quempiam Laudaverim, reprehendi quàm maxumè.

LONDON,
Printed for *Henry Marsh* at the *Princes Arms* in *Chancery Lane* near *Fleet-street*, 1660.

DIGITUS DEI
ET
VOX POPULI.

My LORD;

ALthough nothing leſſe than a Mantle of Incorruptible Beauty, and a Crown of Immortal Glory from the *King of Kings* can be a juſt and compleat Recompence of what you have done for his Sacred Majeſty, and the welfare of his three Kingdoms upon Earth; and though it be impoſſible through ſo narrow a glaſſe to take a full and exact veiw of your Merits: yet that ſome Notes and Characters of thoſe great reſpects which are due to you may become legible and fixt, I will preſume to careſſe your *Excellency* with the hearty and ſolid thanks of all his *Majeſties* good Subjects, and eſpecially of that ſincere Convert his now good City of *London*, who like one newly delivered from almoſt inevitable hazards, hath a kind of paſſion and eagerneſſe in the remembrance and repetition of Her Fears; She takes a pride in it; She can tell them to no one with more Gratitude; no one can be told of them with more Honour; and She

cannot chuſe but tell you, She had not many weeks ſince a Bloody Sword brandiſh'd as it were in the midſt of Her Bowels. She hath received from you the Life & Blood that is left Her: for which, She doth not only promiſe a grateful motion of Her Pulſe, wch ſhall conſtantly beat toward you; but hath at this time Her very Heart in Her hand to preſent to you. She did for ſome weeks together hear no other noiſe than that of Confuſion; She was every hour threatned with Mercileſſe Flames, and Fire-Granadoes, and had not a wonder-working Providence and your timely Wiſdome prevented it, you might long before this day have come hither, only to ſee the mourning relicts of the devouring Flame, and ſpend your Tears on Her Aſhes. But bleſſed be God, that thoſe Streets which not long ſince were perplext with Tumults and Outcries, are at this day happily fill'd with your Applauſes, and the general Acclamations of the People; Their Joyes, where ever you meet them, are ſpoken in their very Eyes and Faces, their Looks teſtifie what reſentment they have of your Actions, and what love they bear to your Perſon; they are high and ſtrong reſentments, it is a paſſionate and well-ſpirited Love: you are reputed by them, the only Antidote to the Uſurpation and Arbitrary power of that God-contemning, King-killing, Men-devouring race, who outſtript that of the Serpent-footed Giants, which invaded the Monarchie of Heaven, and would have laid hands on *Jupiters* Celeſtial Throne; you have undermin'd that *Pelion*, and *Oſſa*; overturned, and toſt back on their Heads thoſe big Mountains which their Ambition had rais'd, and they are fallen and thrown upon their own Heads. It is thought that you are purpoſely

purpoſely ſent to cure the old and new Wounds of theſe broken and languiſhing Nations; that you have given the Sword a better gift of healing, than he that invented the Weapon-ſalve; that you will be inſtrumental to exorciſe Faction and Schiſm, and diſpoſſeſſe theſe Nations of thoſe white Devils who have been the ſecret Authors and Inventors of all our Miſchiefs and Diſtractions.

Not only this City, but the three Kingdomes lay dangerouſly Sick, and in a manner Bedrid; there was but one remedy, and that applicable by no hand but your own, and you have done it without drawing of Blood, but not without drawing our Eyes and Hearts to you, nor without making your ſelf a Miracle of Gallantry and Honour to Poſterity; and though you live in a Romance Age, and in an Iſland of Fables, yet this Action of yours, through the influence it muſt needs have upon all the Veins and Spirits of this City, and the three Kingdomes, will command the Credit and Admiration of our Children, & force all ſucceeding Generations to the Worlds end, to outvie one the other in the erection of *Pyramids* and *Mauſoleums* to your memory.

You cannot but look upon your ſelf as a perſon particularly conſecrated, ſet apart and pointed out for ſome more than ordinary enterpriſe: for Religion as it ſeemed to me but even now, came to you for Law, and the Law it ſelf came to you for Sanctuarie; the Civil Magiſtracie (the only linck of humane ſociety) cannot chooſe but confeſſe it had its life from you, and that through your admirable and myſterious management of affairs, She hath once again gotten into the Chair with the Sword and Balance in her hand.

Whatever you ſee either in Church or State that is comely and beautifull, it is all your creature and of your own making; there is not a cheerfull heart, a good look, or a ſmile in the three Kingdoms, but hath its birth and flows from you as the effect from the original, and firſt viſible cauſe; our joys and comforts are all your lawfully begotten, they are moſt deſervedly Father'd upon you; we have much adoe to forbear Altars, and worſhip, there is not a loyal heart by which you are not well-nigh deified.

Ireland would gladly ſwim over and become part of that Iſland which hath the honour and reputation of your native Soyl.

Scotland prides it upon that account, that ſhe is part of *Great Britain*, and that ſhe once had you her Governour, and as it were to her ſelf; She triumphs in the relation ſhe had to you, and eſteemes it the beſt part of her Chronicle. *England* looks on you with a raviſh'd eye, and hath the ſame affections for you, that a fond Mother hath for her Darling, and dear Child, that hath ſaved her life. The rufling Sea ſeems to rage and roar at the Coaſts, for that the Land hath bereav'd her of her *Admiral*; And *Tellus* ſeems to chide *Thetis* and ſhove her back for her impudence, that ſhe dares pretend to be ſo much her Corrival, as to lay claim to her *General*. The Merchant looks on you as his Pearl of great price, the Husband-man that Thiller of the Common-wealth, who was himſelf almoſt thraſht out of all, bids you more welcome than Harveſt, and his very Milk-Maids quaff your health in their *Nectar*.

Thus the love of your perſon, with the fame of your

your merits, ſpreads and flows out into all places, and parts; ſuch a general influence hath that miracle of mercie and providence, which is in every part and circumſtance of that deliverance which you have wrought for us, it carries in it the moſt wonderfull and prodigious revolutions of State that have been ever ſeen ſince the Wheel of Fortune hath had its rotations. It exceeds by much the greateſt, the moſt daring extreme hopes and apprehenſions, which this diſtreſſed City could regularly entertain, or imagine; and without doubt future ages will have as much to do to believe it, as the preſent had to expect; ſuch a victorie as this, is worth many field Battails, and bloody Conqueſts; it is a Victory obtain'd in an hour of danger, in a moment of jeopardice, and peril; it is innocent and ſpotleſſe, not ſo much as ſtained with the life of a man; it is enameled and all embroydered with mercy.

Three Kingdoms which were but even now fill'd with rumours of Wars, and agitated with rage and fierceneſſe, have at this day quite altered their looks, they have a pleaſing countenance full of good features, and ſmiles, not without ſome ſplendour and brightneſſe, as if your Soveraign Spirit had the ſame influence the Sun hath in the Spring, after the Storms and Tempeſts of a tedious hard Winter are paſt. I wiſh it were in me to give you a true proſpect of thoſe eternal monuments of glory which ſhall be rais'd to you by this action, that relief and libertie from a place ſo far diſtant, have ſo ſpeedily been brought into this City under your conduct; that in ſo ſhort a time you have ſuccour'd and ſecur'd three Nations, and that without blood, or ſo much

much as one ſcratch of a Launce : So that truly this day is an expreſſe of three miracles at once, a miracle of ſafety to three Kingdoms, of honour in your ſelf, and of Gods mercie to us all. I might adde a fourth no leſſe ſtrange than the former, that this Sun which brought this healing under his wings did ariſe out of the North, a more wonderful and more glorious atchievement hath never been known ſince Gallantrie and Heroick actions have appear'd on the Stage; It hath exceeded the greateſt confidence of Hope, nay Faith it ſelf hath much ado to believeit; it is the beſt ſight that this City (or any loyal eye within theſe three Kingdoms) hath ſeen, to behold you in her Terraces with Victorie and Safety; neither is it the leaſt part of Your renown, or Her joy, that (as I ſaid before, and cannot too often repeat) your triumphs are neither tumultuary nor bloody, that our enemies, the grand infringers of our Laws, and Liberties, are vanquiſh'd or rather vaniſh'd without the ſlaughter of any one of our friends.

Bleſſed be God for it, by your means we are all living; our Religion and Lawes are upon their recovery and do revive apace; our enemies, thoſe unparalleld Impoſtors are all dead or in a dying condition, and it is a ſignal part of the Providence of God in this wonderful diſpenſation of his Providence, that the chaff and tares both in *Parliament* and *Army* have been ſeparated from the good grain, & that the wicked ones have been cull'd out & bundled up for deſtruction; That the wrath of the Almighty hath defeated and chaſtiz'd them together who had taken Counſel together both againſt *God* and his *Anoynted*.

Thus your hand, like that of *Iaels*, hath hit the nayl

on the head, and with the ſame effect and to as good purpoſe as that of hers, which at one blow by the death *Siſera* and the *Canaanites*, put an end to a great warr, You have delivered three Kingdoms not out of the hands of Strangers and Forein enemies, but from the Pawes of home-bred Lyons and Bears, You have ſav'd us from the *Siſeraes* and *Canaanites*, the Wolves and Tigers of our own Country, from the Vipers in our own boſom.

You have not only bounded and limited the inundations of thoſe ſwelling and uſurping waters, but beat them ſo far back, that they ſeem to be quite ſunck and dry'd up in retreating, not ſo much as to be ſeen in their proper Chanels or Conduits.

We had a long time miſtaken our courſe in unknown and untry'd Seas, into which the ambition of our moſt daring diſcoverers of *Eutopian* and *Haringtonian* Common-wealths, with their new whimſies of Rotaes and Senates, had preſumptuouſly ſayld, and ſo far hazarded our Veſſel, that nothing was more certain than Ship-wrack, had not your *Lordſhip* in the very nick of time gotten up to the Helm, caſt overboard thoſe unlucky Steerſ-men to do penance amongſt the Hadocks and Sharks, and like a dextrous Pilot took a ſpeedy courſe to tack about of a ſudden; For which, *My Lord*, me thinks I ſee you placed by the Royal hand upon ſome eminent Hill, like a famous Sea-mark, by which all Engliſh-men in the midſt of Civil and inteſtine ſtorms, ought ſteer for the future.

But now *My Lord*, ſince you have effected this ſtrange and miraculous deliverance, the importance is, that as much as in you lyes, you improve it to ſuch end as may accompliſh your glorie, and make you a perfect and conſummated *Hero*: This happy overture of providence, is a certain fore-runner either of ſafety, and laſting peace, or of utter ruine and deſtruction, to this *Iſland of miracles*. You ſeemed to me but even now to reſemble ſomwhat that myſterious guide which uſher'd *Iſrael* in the wilderneſſe, you might have turnd the dark ſide or the light ſide of the cloud, Bleſſed be God that you had cloud enough to allay the heat of the fiery part of the meteor, and fire enough to enlighten us on the dark and gloomy part of the cloud.

You cannot but remember that theſe Kingleſſe and moſt diſtreſſed Kingdoms were even now broken, tired, exhauſted, that they did almoſt languiſh and faint, that their Spirits were in a manner ſpent and conſumed, their reputation loſt, and as it were given over by their Neighbours, and confederate friends, who were in a kind of Quandary, how and when they might credit us, and upon any occaſion ſtill ready to ſlight us, being a people ſo floating and looſe, that this or the next day ſtill called to queſtion what was but yeſterday's ſettlement.

The great Cordage and leſſer filaments of Government, were all rudely broken and ſnapt aſunder, and the workmanſhip of it which was ſo artificially deviſed and wrought together

with ſo much cunning and curioſity, was all rent and unravel'd, the encloſures and partition-walls all level'd and caſt down to the ground, the whole body diſmember'd and diſlocated, having been for theſe many years upon the wrack of a baſe Siniſter policy, there was neither Form nor Method, but a confuſed *Chaos*, a kind of Hotch-potch and Hurly-burly of Elements, which were all ſhuffled together, ſtill jarring, and in a continual mutiny; the very ſhrubs and brambles which ſupplanted the *Royal Oake*, ſprung up to that height, which their conſtitutions could never bear, nor the Laws ever ſupport. The Vultures and Birds of prey had not only diſmantled the *Imperial Eagle* of his Feathers, but got into his Neaſt; Men have learnt only to be wittily miſchievous, and the craftie Inventors of each others deſtruction, as if *Religion* had more in it of Guile, than of Love and Integrity; ſince our *Prince of Peace of ever bleſſed memory* Charles *the firſt*, ſhed his Royal Blood on the Scaffold, not only the Veil of the Church, but the very Machine and Fabrick of the State too, hath been rent and torn aſunder, and the Sun of Juſtice hath not only been Ecclipſt, but going back and retired ever ſince; Fortune hath been the great Judge, and the ſucceſſe of Villany hath been reputed the merits of the Cauſe, as if blind event did legitimate and carry in it a juſtification above all diſpute and controul, though they have done nothing leſſe than kept up to thoſe ends, which

were first in pretence and in the Eye of their War-fare, although they have most shamefully and basely prevaricated from their first Engagement and Covenant, as if they had had no other Faith but that of *Carthage*, nor no Bible but *Machavel*.

I have thus reflected and lookt backward a little, not only for that launcing is the safest way to the cure, but because (which is my present aym) it is the method of gratitude, and the wisdome of Patients, when they are upon their recovery out of some desperate disease, to advance the merit and reputation of the Surgeon, by free and frequent expressions of the height and danger of the malady, what scurvy humors, what ill flesh to heal, what fowl and untoward bodyes they have.

Indeed *my Lord* we were so desperatly ill, and under such Mountebancks hands, that the eye of man could have no other Prospect than that of death and destruction: for like men bitten by *Tarantulaes* no instrument or lesson could cure us, till your *Lordship*, the most sweet and Divine *Orpheus* that ever play'd on our theatre, put all in tune, struck up the most suitable and healing Musick of our good old Government, and Laws, by playing *Vive Le Roy*.

And in truth *My Lord*, the body of this Commonwealth was no otherwise curable of those Convulsion-fits, under which it hath labour'd for these many years past, but by reduction of the transmigrated Elements and Spirits into their

their proper Seats and Stations; it was in vain to imagine the well-Spirited Horſes of the Sunne would any longer endure the arbitrary laſhes of any uſurping *Phaetontical* Drivers; Or that they would become orderly and peaceable, or be ever manag'd aright, until the true *Apollo* might ſtep into the Chariot and take the reigns in his hand, which is the only hand that can chain and bind up the evil Spirit of diviſion, that can twiſt and tie up into an indiſſoluble knot all the ſeveral threds and ligaments of intereſt, except thoſe which are rotten and will not endure ſo much force as muſt needs go to the making faſt of the knot.

But the Government both Eccleſiaſtical and Civil being placed upon thoſe Shoulders who by the Law of God, and by the Laws of *England*, are appointed to bear it, we well truſt ſpeedy care will be taken that the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, which every Phanatique perſon pretends he hath at his girdle, ſhall be committed to thoſe Officers to whom *Chriſt* hath given them, that the wicked leaven of a beaſtly tolleration which hath infected the whole lump, may be purg'd out, and the wrath of *God*, which may juſtly fall on us, be timely prevented.

And for the better eſtabliſhment of Church Government, becauſe in this matter there hath been no ſmall diſſention and diſputation amongſt; let *Paul* and *Barnabas* go up to *Hieruſalem* unto the *Apoſtles* and Fathers about this matter; Let there be a national Synod of

ſuch Learned, Reverend and Canonical Divines, as may determine this Controverſy, and ſet down a fixt Rule for the publique worſhip of God, (For thoſe certainly will be the beſt Pilots in this matter, who have the word of God for their Compaſſe) that our Church may indeed be the Church of Chriſt, and not the hold of every foul Spirit, a Cage of every unclean and hurtful Bird, the Habitation of Devils, and the Synagogue of *Sathan*; That the Stage which was pluckt down at the Playhouſe and ſet up in the Temple, may be remov'd thence, that Religion may no longer play the *Proteus*, as She hath done for ſome paſt years, in as ſundry ſhapes and figures, as there are humours and Intereſts of Men; that the Sectaries, thoſe baſe Scabbs of the Church, may be dryed and rubb'd off, and the Mother of them all, the damnable Whore *Toleration*, the very Daughter and Spawn of the Whore of *Babylon*, may be made naked and deſolate, that we may eat her fleſh, and burn her with fire.

Upon theſe accounts *My Lord*, you have all this while been gaining Hearts, and you are ſo ſucceſſful and proſperous in it, that I dare ſay there is not an honeſt Heart in the three Kingdoms, but either is, or will be made yours; for whom can we better give our Hearts to, than to him, who hath reſtored, and in a Peaceable and Parliamentary way, and at a pinch of time given

ven to us Our King, and with him the very Heart and Life of three Kingdoms? it is from you *Sir* we have received our ſafety, our preſent peace, our Laws, our Liberties, our very Lives and Beings both as men and Chriſtians.

Alas *My Lord*! how long ſince had the Fury and Violence of outragious brain-ſick Opinioniſts, Men of diſtorted Fancies, and no Principles, broken in upon us, rooted up our very Figtrees and Vineyards, and laid all level to the ground, had not *Your Lordſhip* with thoſe ever to be honoured Gentlemen, Your Faithfull and Worthy Officers, took the courage to ſtand up in the gap, to ſecure us from thoſe Bulls and wild Boars of the Foreſt, who are ſtill foaming at mouth, and ready to take every Opportunity to ſpoil and rend all, to overturn and tear up our Fences? But we hope the Divine Providence will ſuffer thoſe ugly unlucky Porcapiſces, whoſe ſportive frolicks portend nothing but tempeſts and foul weather, to be no more ſeen above water; But that *King* and People by your means through a calm and well-quieted Sea, will moſt happily arrive together in the ſafe harbour of a laſting and firm peace.

You had indeed long ſince ſo far defeated our Enemies, that you had not left us anything to Skirmiſh with, unleſſe it were ſome little jealouſies, which had no other than an Ima-

Imaginary birth, and were rather Fictions and Chimeras, than any real or ſolid beings, nay even thoſe jealouſies had more in them of hope than fear, and we were confident in a ſhort time you would (as ever bleſſed be God you have done) defeat even them too, and give us a perfect aſſurance, that your intentions are pure, and mind nothing but the Propitiatory.

And though ſome men have weighed you with a falſe Ballance in the Scales of their own Intereſt and Opinion, yet I doubt not but your upright and ſincere dealing betwixt the *King* and his People, will be a ſolemn, authentick and undeniable proof of your good meaning to your Country; and that you will not be like the Rocket which conſumes it ſelf in aſcending, or like thoſe Squibs of Honour, whoſe Glories are but mere flaſhes, or the ſhort ſtreamings of Wildfire; there is a great whiz and a ſtir with thoſe Crackers for a while, and then out of a ſudden; But theſe Men are no true and ſolid Stars, they are made up of ſlight and combuſtible matter which is ruin'd by mounting too high, it is rather Fortune (that ſcandal of greatneſſe) than Virtue, which advanceth ſuch glittering Pageants, true Glory is firm and laſting, it is illuſtrious in all places and Regions, it hath a body of Diamond, and though it be broken to pieces either through prejudice or envy, yet the very atomes

and

and duſt of it keep a brightneſſe, and rayes in them never to be eccliplt or extinguiſhed; and though a good name is rather to be choſen than great riches, and better than pretious oyntment, I truſt, *My Lord*, were there no ſuch things as Lawrel or Garlands, no ſuch Goddeſſe as *Fame*, nor ſo much as a notion of her in the world, you will find content enough in every good Action, to make juſtice and truth both ſufficient encouragements and rewards to themſelves.

I am confident you will ſuffer no ſuch Idols as that of Fortune to be plac'd in your eye; your Soul is more perfect and abſolute, than to be cajol'd and cheated by the fantaſtick Deluſions of an Aery wavering Goddeſſe, that in the midſt of the winds ſtands tottering on a wheel.

Me thinks I ſee that leering Squint-ey'd *Iezabel*, Ambition, how ſhe ſtood at your Elbow, in the very ſame poſture with *Sathan* on the Pinacle, when he repreſented to our bleſſed *Saviour* the moſt tempting Landſhap of the World; But *Your Lordſhip*, though a great Commander, had a good Captain to inſtruct you in thoſe hazardous Combates, and you well knew, that the Devil's **All this I will give thee**, could never be without an **If thou wilt fall down**.

There is nothing more fatal than to take a proſpect of things through the magnifying and magick glaſſe of Ambition, it repreſents *Crowns* and *Scepters*, as if they were juſt by and at hand, when it may be there are dangerous Pits

Snares, Bogs, perillous Seas, and bloody Fields to paſſe over, and at laſt in their ſtead, Ruine, Diſhonour, and Death it ſelf to be met with; Greatneſſe can have no other Immunity or Exemption from the danger of that Precipice whereon the ſtands, than what Virtue muſt give her; without which *My Lord* there is not one Joy or Felicity you have, whatever flouriſh it makes, but will quickly Retreat, Apoſtatize, and revolt from you; But Virtue and Juſtice will without queſtion preſerve your Excellency from ſuch periods of Honour, and put on you an immortality of Glory.

Nay aſſuredly, the foundations of *Juſtice* and *Truth*, all the pillars and the moſt firm *baſis* of *Honour* muſt become ruinous and periſht, before the glory of this remarkable and unparalleld Action of yours can ſuffer any Eccliplſe or extinguiſhment; Your blood (whoſe ſprightly and active ebullitions to the relief and ſuccour of injur'd and baniſhed *Loyalty*, do well ſhew from what fountains it ſtreams, and from what ſprings it firſt vaulted,) hath ſo encreaſt it's nobility, that it tranſcends by many Degrees it's original worth, and that primitive value which it had whilſt it yet flow'd in the veins of your Illuſtrious and moſt Princely Anceſtors. *Fame* her ſelf takes a pride in propagating your merits, and hereafter doubtleſſe ſhe will do it effectually, and in a more magnificent manner. The *Muſes* and *Graces* are in a kind of conteſt, and do ſeek to out-vie one the other

other in the curiosity and riches of those ornaments, which they intend to fasten upon you, and a hard task they will find it to prepare such sumptuous and suitable attire as will become the beauty of this Action, this most renowned and accomplisht Action of yours, whereby in making us all happy, you have made your self a perfect pattern, and Exemplar of Magnanimity, Prudence, and all Heroick vertue, the wonder of Forein Countryes, the delight and credit of your own; In a word, *My Lord*, you have hereby approved your self to be a Generous, Loyal, and true-born English man, than which there is no greater glory in the world.

FINIS.